

elder said: "Well, my friends, I met the Bishop last evening; he seems to be a very nice man; I don't think it will hurt us to go to the Catholic church to-day." So they all went to the Catholic church.

From Eufaula the Bishop visited the Senecas and Quapaws, for whom he said Mass and lectured at different places; at one of which he waited till after twelve for the Indians who were coming in great numbers. His patience was awarded by seeing two hundred children of the forest assembled to assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and to listen with pleasure to a forcible instruction, which he gave them on "The Necessity of Religion." To several of these he administered the Sacrament of Confirmation.

Then the Bishop lectured several nights at Muscogee, Lehigh, Coalgate, and Krebs, mining towns in Creek nation and Choctaw nation; everywhere he was honored by large attendances who attentively listened to the words of salvation.

He left Boggy depot on Thursday morning with his traveling companion, Father Hippolite, en route for Tishomingo, the capital of Chickasaw nation, where he was expected to lecture the same night. The first twenty of the forty miles drive was very dusty, the last, however, was just favorable.

A storm of the previous night had swollen the creeks, and the Big Blue was booming. The travelers with many others had to wait on the banks for several hours; some Indians went back with their wagons, leaving them alone with a chicken peddler and his high wagon. Meanwhile they said their office, took their little luncheon, fed their ponies, and strove to possess their souls in peace. About half past one the waters had receded sufficiently to cross without danger, but not enough to keep the water out of the buggy, and wetting everything. This was pre-

vented by the Bishop climbing upon the top of the chicken wagon with valises and bundles; the turnout was safe. The little ponies followed the wagon, and a big "Thank God" told soon that we were on the other side.

They arrived at Tishomingo at 5.30 p. m., where they were welcomed and most kindly received by Mr. Fischer, the great friend of the Chickasaws, himself an Indian, and by the right hand-man of the full blood, Gov. Wolf. The Chickasaw legislature was in session, and after supper the legislators with their friends, and the numerous Indians were honored with a lecture on "Religion and its necessity: Redemption and its consequences." Very few in that large audience had ever seen a Bishop, or even heard the words of a priest. Their curiosity was great, and their attention most respectful. For an hour they listened attentively, and would have gladly heard more.

Let us hope that this first seed fell on good ground, and give fruit in due time. The next morning, Friday, the Bishop said Mass at Mr. Fischer's, and about 9 o'clock departed for Stonewall, another stopping place before reaching Sacred Heart. After ten miles traveling they reached the Little Blue, and found the little fellow more stormy than his big brother. After waiting an hour they concluded to try it; so dividing the baggage to make two trips for more security, with feet on the dash-board, the valises on their knees, they took to the water, which hardly respected their seats. On making the second trip, a bolt broke in front of the buggy, however they succeeded in landing safely. Later on the last little tie broke loose, and they had to have recourse to ropes, to secure safety. The delapidated buggy caused some apprehensiveness when they had to cross another creek towards dark, and just in view of Stonewall, but they made it all right.

There are no Catholics residing